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PRICE TEN CENTS.

"What fools these mortals be!"

Puck

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POLLY'S CHANCE TO GET SOME NICE CRACKERS.

"We don't want an Income-Tax Amendment! Say it, Polly! We don't want an Income-Tax Amendment! Say it, Polly! Amendment! Amendment! We don't want it!"



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

MR. TAFT is a smiler. At first we believed in that smile. "Good old Bill," we said, "he's smiling because he's going to everlastingly lay out those High Tariff people just the way he laid out the Sophomores when he was a Freshman at Yale. You wait and see." And we applauded all his speeches, and admired all the smiling snapshots, and never worried because we felt sure Bill was Big enough to sit on any High Tariff skulduggery that bobbed up.

Well, the Tariff was revised, but it was revised upward mostly. The things that the plain people used every day were taxed more than ever, while the only items put on the free list were divi divi and dragons' blood and raw acorns, and others of the same species. But while the bill was passing, and even after it was passed, Bill continued to smile, as though bursting with inward mirth.

Now, it may be that the President had to sign that bill. Perhaps there was n't any other way out of it. But it was n't a victory. It was n't even a living up to the platform pledges. It was a crushing defeat for all of us who have to buy things and pay for them.

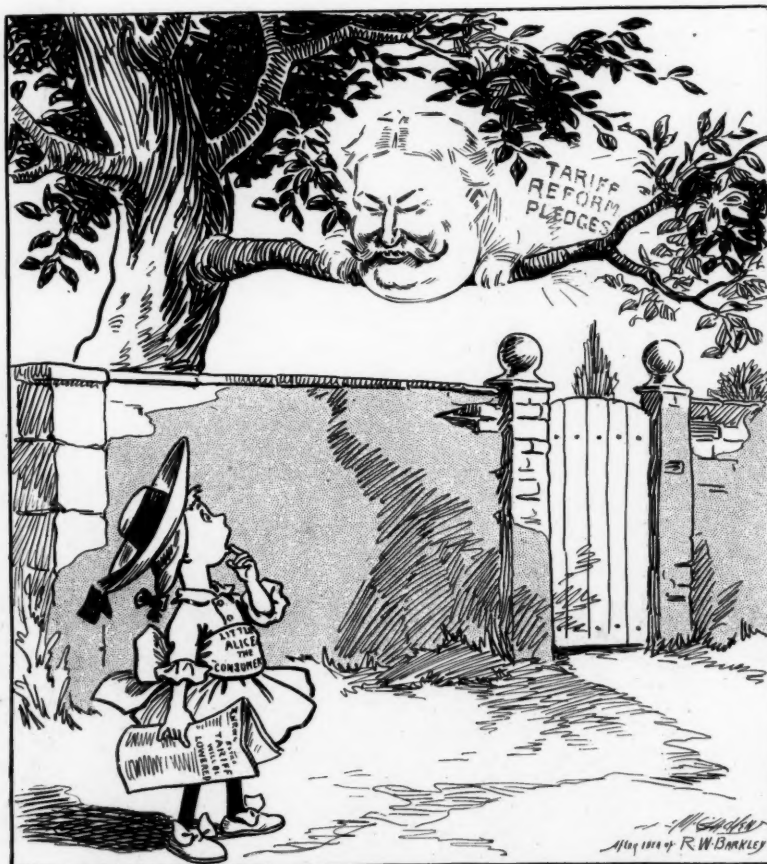
Under these circumstances, the smile on the face of our inspired leader is becoming tiresome. A defeated pugilist who has fought himself out does not smile; neither does a football captain who has lost the last game of the season. A smile in some cases amounts to an affront. In our opinion the Taft smile is a Smile That Ought To Come Off.

THE EMINENT hardware dealer who put champagne in his soup, and in his lighter moments pinched the arms of his family with a pair of steel pincers, has been declared insane. This centralized, socialistic government of ours is crushing individuality more and more.

THE Spanish press, we presume, cuttingly alludes to the Moors as the African pigs.

SOME OF the immigrants told the conductor that at first when the two men entered their cars they had no idea they were going to be robbed. They thought may be it was a kind of tax they were being made to pay, unpleasant but necessary.—*Story of a Jersey Hold-up.*

These simple foreigners will make ideal American citizens. Lately landed, and just out of Jersey City on their journey West, they thought that the masked gentleman with the gun was not a robber, but a collector of taxes. Even though at Paterson they realized their mistake, we trust these Old World offspring are not abashed or humiliated in spirit. If by good fortune they can get hold of a speech made recently in Washington by Senator Newlands of Nevada, and have it translated, they will learn that there is not much difference between a guileless foreigner paying "an unpleasant but necessary" tax to a highwayman in an immigrant-car and a free-born American native paying a tariff tax to a group of swollen "infant industries." Senator Newlands pointed out to his colleagues that the American consumer pays \$13,500,000,000 a year for manufactured goods which could be bought outside the tariff ramparts for a mere trifle like \$9,000,000,000. The innocent immigrant should be tipped off. The Jersey incident was excellent training for him if he plans to settle "in our midst."



NOTHING APPARENT BUT THE SMILE.

THE CHESHIRE CAT SLOWLY VANISHES, LEAVING OUR OWN LITTLE ALICE VERY MUCH IN WONDERLAND.

SAYS Wm. E. Corey of the Steel Trust:

"I am satisfied with the present Tariff. America to-day stands at the gate of the greatest era of prosperity that the country has ever known."

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Ste-e-e-e-l!

THE MAN who asks God to direct the deliberations of the United States Senate is paid only a thousand dollars a year but, judging from the results he gets, that's about eight hundred and fifty dollars too much.

AFFINITY AVENUE.



HERE was once a time in the golden days,
When it went by the name of Lovers' Lane,
Then, the sky was clear, and the air was pure,—
The men were true,—all the maids demure,—
The moonlight fell with never a stain
On the flower-bordered ways.

But now, it's a grotesque poster rout
That crowds on Affinity Avenue,—
The men are true—to other men's
wives,—
A maid demure,—in a sheath-gown,—
strives
To give the fullest effect that's due,
And an arc-light helps her out.

There's a band that plays in the garish
maze,—

Old age is flirting with sweet sixteen,—
A lady, whose hair is silver white,
Is bidding a schoolboy a fond good-night,
The crowd's mad laughter comes in between—
And it's muddy along the ways.

We may laugh and rail at the motley crew,—
But we sigh for the golden days again,—
When girls were good,—and men were, too,—
And their hearts were the truest kind of blue,—
When no one who wandered in Lovers' Lane
Had heard of the Avenue.

W. Edson Smith.

A DEADLY GERM.

"YOU LET a feller once git a thirst for office an', by jacks, it'll stick to him like a thirst for the wine that is red, as the good book says," said Simeon Skaggs, the sage of Peaville's only grocery-store where Simeon delivered his oracle-like words of wisdom. "Now, you take Lem Baggle: He's been holdin' office for the last thutty year, an' he's more eager for it than he was at the start.



"FORE!"

THE REVISED FACTS IN THE CASE OF DAVID VERSUS GOLIATH.

And then there are the grouches who insist that the way to twin success is not to deserve it.



THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE VETERINARY.

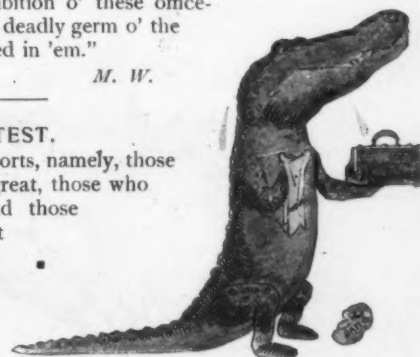
"Remember, Mind is everything. Spavins, Glanders, and Heaves are not Mind, therefore Spavins, Glanders, and Heaves are nothing at all. Since they are nothing at all, of course it's impossible for you to have them. Twenty-five dollars, please."

Seems like Lem can't eat his meals with no appytite nor sleep in peace unless he's in office. I reck'lect that he wa'n't but nineteen when they made him librarian of the Sunday-school. It was his fust taste of office-holdin', an' sort of put the germ into his blood, an' it worked through his whole cistern so that I reckon he'll be an office-seeker all his life. He was only twenty-two when he worked himself into the office o' keeper o' the dog-pound in town, an' from that he worked up to town-marshal with a salary of three dollars a month, an' he never made but two arrests in nine months. Then he got himself app'inted jestic o' the peace an' not'ry public, an' tuk in two dollars an' sixty-five cents in fees the fust two weeks he held that office. Next thing anybody knowed he was county coroner an' takin' in his dollar apiece for every corp he viewed or set on at a inquest. He tole me with his own livin' mouth that he made four dollars that way the fust three months. Then the Good Templars made him worthy chief or a high-mucky-muck o' some kind in their organization, an' from that he got to be one o' the six vice-pres'dents of our county fair an' cheerman o' the committee that had charge o' the hoss-racin'. He was a del'gate to the Methodist convention over in Peesly County one year, an' overseer of our roads one year. I tell ye, once a feller gits an itch for office nothin' short of a place in the gov'ment will satisfy him. I think from the way Lem talks that he's got his eye on our post-office with its two hundred a year sal'ry, if he ain't wire-pullin' for a place in Taft's cabbynet. No limits to the ambition o' these office-seekers once the deadly germ o' the disease gits settled in 'em."

M. W.

THE TEST.

BUT OF the three sorts, namely, those who are born great, those who acquire greatness, and those who have greatness thrust upon them, only the first are anywise certain to know what the different forks are for at the fashionable dinners inevitably given in their honor from time to time.



"ALAS! POOR YORICK!"

PUCK

THE VILLAGE WEDDING.

THE BRIDE (to the groom).—Ain't you glad it's over, Henry?

THE GROOM (after a resounding smack at the bride's mouth).—You bet; but, it was worth it well and good to get you!

THE BRIDE'S MOTHER (in a loud whisper to the bride).—Would you serve the ice-cream now or wait awhile?

THE BRIDE.—Wait until the congratulations are over; it's more genteel!

THE BRIDE'S FATHER (a thinking part).—“———!”

MISS GREEN (to bride).—You look perfectly lovely, dear. This is a perfectly beautiful wedding, and it hangs perfectly in the back.

THE VILLAGE CUT-UP.—I wish you both much joy and many happy returns of the occasion.

THE PINK AND BLUE GIRLS.—Tee-hee! Oh, isn't he just awful!

THE BRIDE'S MOTHER (to Miss Green).—Yes; it's the first straight-front corset I ever wore. It's nearly killing me, but I'm doing it for Maud's sake. She says it's so genteel!

MISS GREEN.—Oh, you poor martyr! But if you could only know how perfectly swell you look!

THE MINISTER.—This is indeed a gala event. I see before me all the élite, the intelligence, and beauty of our fair town, gathered together for the purpose of doing honor to this noble couple.

THE BRIDE'S FATHER.—“———!”

THE BRIDE'S MOTHER.—Miss Green, let's have a little music. Get the choir together and have them sing “Pull for the Shore.”

THE VILLAGE CUT-UP.—Yes; I'd call that *shore* enough music.

THE BLUE AND PINK GIRLS.—Tee-hee! Ain't he just awful!

THE VILLAGE CUT-UP (after the song).—Why don't somebody ask me to do a stunt?

THE BLUE AND PINK GIRLS.—Tee-hee! Oh, do something, Mr. Biggs!

[THE VILLAGE CUT-UP, after a great deal of urging, puts a willow



WHAT THEY PLANTED LAST.

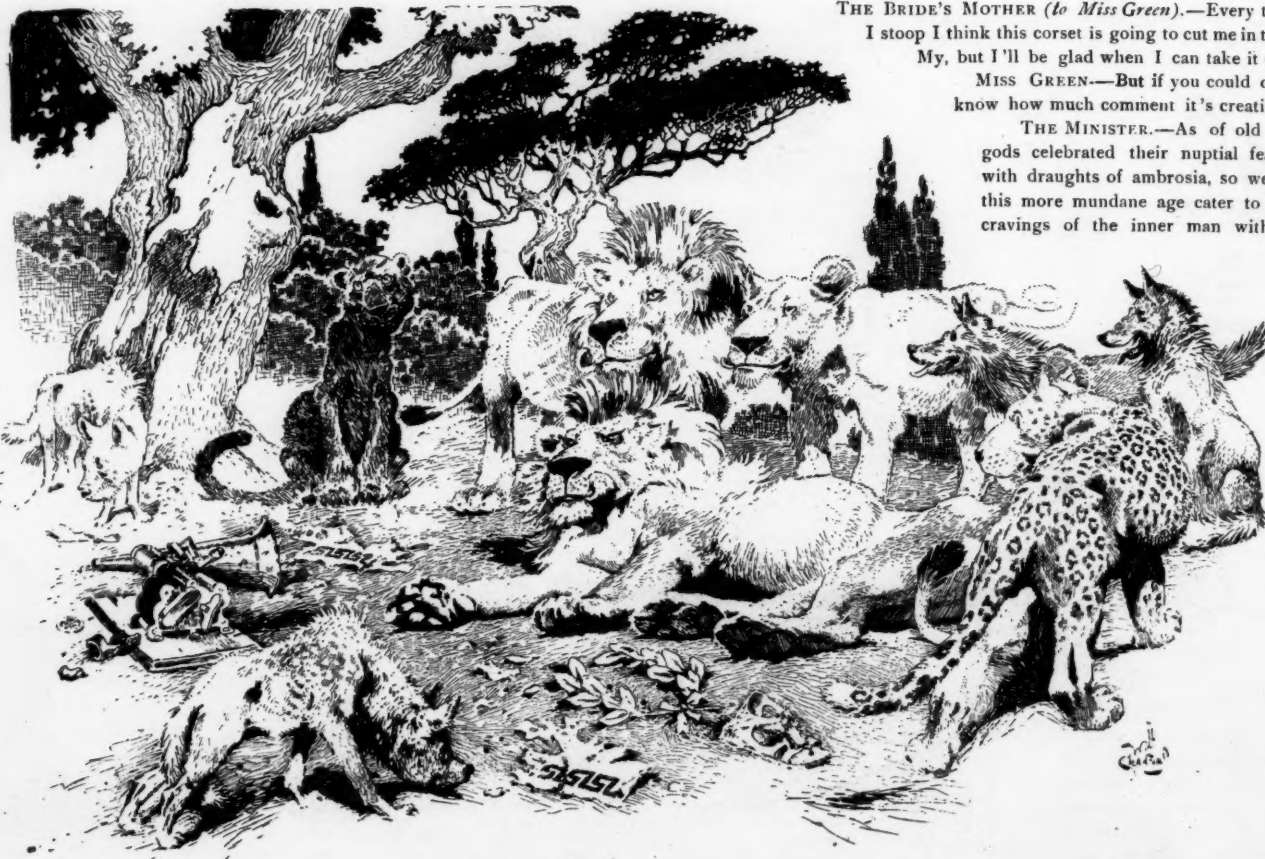
sewing-basket upon his head, and gives an imitation of a monkey on an organ-grinder's chain, while he hums the “Merry Widow” waltz. He has performed this act at every social gathering held in the village during the past year. No evening is regarded as complete without it.]

THE BLUE AND PINK GIRLS (completely convulsed).—Oh, isn't he just killing! [THE BRIDE'S MOTHER and MISS GREEN begin serving ice-cream and cake.]

THE BRIDE'S MOTHER (to Miss Green).—Every time I stoop I think this corset is going to cut me in two. My, but I'll be glad when I can take it off!

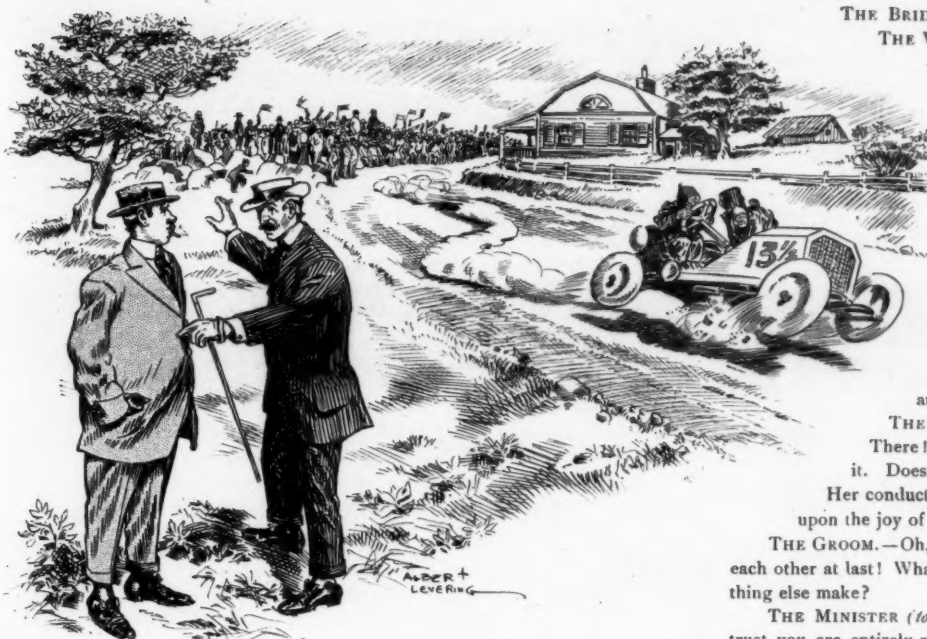
MISS GREEN.—But if you could only know how much comment it's creating!

THE MINISTER.—As of old the gods celebrated their nuptial feasts with draughts of ambrosia, so we in this more mundane age cater to the cravings of the inner man with a



OLD EVENTS AND NEW INVENTIONS.

IF ORPHEUS HAD USED A PHONOGRAPH.



THE THIRST FOR GORE.

UN SOPHISTICATED ONLOOKER.—I think this is a first-rate place. See what a fine view we have of this car coming.

SEASONED SPECTATOR.—Fine view fiddlesticks! Nothing ever happens on these straight stretches — not even a broken leg. Come on down to the turn and wait for the fun.

no-less-satisfying product of modern science. Let us one and all give thanks for this most bountiful collation.

THE BRIDE.—Yes, Reverend Sweet, and yours shall be a double portion, for we shall always hold you in grateful remembrance for what you have done for us this evening.

THE GROOM (*with unction*).—You bet!

THE VILLAGE CUT-UP.—In other words, "Sweets to the Sweet!"

THE PINK AND BLUE GIRLS.—Tee-hee! Ain't he —

THE BRIDE'S MOTHER.—

I'll have to ask the company to excuse me for just a moment. I'm just a little faint. I'll return in a short time.

MISS GREEN.—
I'll go with you It
would be perfectly
terrible if ——

THE GROOM. — Is ma really sick, or is it something else?

THE BRIDE.—Oh, I'm dreadfully afraid she's going to do something to mortify me on my wedding night. I'm afraid she's going to take it off!

THE GROOM. —
Take what off?

THE BRIDE. — Her straight front. It made the wedding more genteel than anything else we had.

THE MINISTER.—I trust that our sister's illness is not so serious that the festivities will be marred?

THE BRIDE'S FATHER,—"———."

THE VILLAGE CUT-UP (*aside to the Blue and Pink girls*).

—What's the difference between the poet Longfellow and Miss Green?

THE BLUE AND PINK GIRLS. — Tee-hee! We can't imagine, but we know it's something cute. What's the answer?

THE VILLAGE CUT-UP. — Longfellow put a skeleton in armor; Miss Green is in the next room taking a fat woman out of armor.

THE BLUE AND PINK GIRLS. — Tee - hee !
Ain't he just awful !

MISS GREEN (*returning with the bride's mother*).—It was only a slight faintness caused by anxiety nervousness.

THE BRIDE (*to groom*).—
There! I knew she'd do
it. Doesn't she look terrible?

Her conduct will always be a blot upon the joy of my wedding occasion.

THE GROOM.—Oh, shucks! We've got each other at last! What difference does anything else make?

THE MINISTER (*to bride's mother*). — I trust you are entirely recovered, sister?

THE BRIDE'S MOTHER. — La, yes; if ever I get in one of them things again— Do have some more ice-cream, there's just plenty!

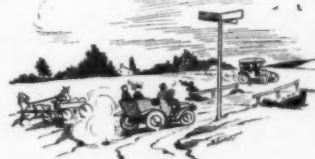
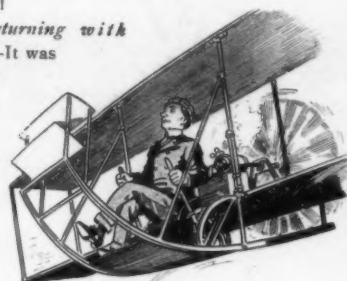
MISS GREEN.—I must be going, as I have to go quite a distance alone.

THE VILLAGE CUT-UP (*aside*).—Yes, grandma; you bet you will as far as I am concerned. I'm looking for a fresher crop myself.

THE BLUE AND PINK GIRLS. — *Oh, ain't he awful! Tee-hee!*

THE MINISTER. — I'll walk with you, Sister Green. I'm going your way. Well, good-night all. I've enjoyed a most intellectual and happy evening.

THE BLUE AND PINK GIRLS.—Tee-hee! We must be going, too. It's awfully late! What will our mothers say? We all go in the same direction, don't we? (*Chorus of Tee-hees, Giggles, Scuffings, and Horse-play.*)



ABOVE THE ORDINARY.

THE VILLAGE
CUT-UP. — May I
have the pleasure of
seeing you all home?

THE BLUE AND PINK GIRLS.—Tee-hee! [*They drift out as the clock strikes ten, the loose boys following behind.*]

THE BRIDE. —
Ma, how could you !

THE BRIDE'S MOTHER. — I don't care! I wasn't going to suffer that agony another minute — genteel or no genteel!

THE BRIDE'S
FATHER. — "——
——!"

Harvey Peake.



SUMMER CORRESPONDENCE ILLUSTRATED LITERALLY.

"NOBODY DRESSES UP HERE."

A WIFE's idea of a mean husband is one who borrows her pin money and then refuses to pay it back to her more than one time.

A woman's enemies are more merciful to her than her friends.

PUCK

DID YOU EVER NOTICE?

DID you ever notice the trouble she has?
Of course you have, and so have I,
In the crowded car where space is shy
The trouble she has, ahem! ahem!
The trouble she has in crossing them?

Did you ever notice the trouble she has?
Of course you have, so have we all,
In the theatre, where the aisles are small,
The trouble she has, ahem! ahem!
The trouble she has in crossing them?

Did you ever notice the trouble she has?
I'm sure I have, and so have you,
On Sunday in the plush-lined pew,
The trouble she has, ahem! ahem!
The trouble she has in crossing them?

Philip F. Hornish.

HIS VARIABLE VIEW-POINT.

WELL, 'SQUIRE," began Hi Spry, who had invaded the Old Codger's miserable solitude, "we had a little argument at the store last night, and I kinda thought I'd drop around to-day and see how you stood on the question. What proportion of the human race do you believe will ultimately be saved?"

"Nineteen to every ten thousand!" promptly snarled the veteran. "All the rest will be lost, and richly deserve to be, ev'ry durn one of 'em!"

"But, gracious alive, 'Squire!—"

"Looky here! Haven't I got as good a right to issue an ultimatum as anybody else? I say that just exactly nineteen in every ten thousand will be saved, and that settles it!"

"But—"

"Confound it! Must I go into details? Well then: Day before yesterday I was struck with lumbago in the back and a crick in the neck, accompanied by aches of all kinds and intensities. Rubbed on seven kinds of liniment we had in the house, and went around bending over and treading softly so's to joggle my agonies as little as possible. Started down cellar to get some cider, which I figgered would prove soothing, miscalculated the number of steps, pitched forward, charged across the cellar, ran one arm up to my shoulder in the soft-soap barrel, smashed the cider-pitcher, cracked my head against the wall, stepped my slippered foot into the trap I'd set for rats, rose up and whacked my bump of benevolence

against the under side of the hanging shelf on which Pheeny's pet preserves were arranged; and next day, strange to say, I didn't feel any better. So I put off to town to see a doctor and had Pheeny do the driving; she got the reins mixed and steered Old Hickory into a ditch, and I fell out. That didn't help me, either; and when we had finally been to town and back I found that the doctor's medicine had done nothing for me but to give me an additional ache in a new place; and when I sat down, here at home, to drink cider and suffer in silence, be-hanged if the hind-legs of the chair didn't deliberately fall out and fling me to the floor! And to-day I find that the seven different liniments I used have blistered me from Alphabet to Omaha. Also, Lester Spradley dropped in a spell ago and kindly informed me that I was being mentioned for the Legislature; and I have just received a letter from

GENEROUS GIRL!



ALGERNON.—Dearest, a proof of your love—some token—one lock of your hair!

my second-cousin, J. Jay Kinsabby, over beyond Grassy Hill, who knows considerable about New Thought and such as that, stating that he is coming over real soon and bring his wife, who is great on symptoms, and his well-selected assortment of children, most of whom are talented, and make us a nice, long visit.

"When I feel about half well I believe that at least half of purblind but well-meaning humanity will be saved from the wrath to come, and when I am wholly myself I have faith that Infinite Love will find a way to take care of everybody, even the meanest and least deserving. But when I feel as I do now, I am certain that all but a very, very few will go to hades, and I'm glad of it!"

Tom P. Morgan.

A RURAL ADVANTAGE.

CITY NEPHEW.—In New York the stage sets the fashions.

UNCLE HIRAM.—I'm mighty glad we aren't tied down that way in the country. Just think of wearing a straw hat in the winter time simply because some fellow in an *Uncle Tom's Cabin* does it in the show!

SO THEY SAY.

THE BRITON.—Your country has diplomatic posts abroad, of course?

THE YANKEE.—Well, judging from what the newspapers say, most of our representatives are diplomatic sticks.

WHEN you sing the other fellow's praises you can depend on an encore.



ETHEL.—Here, 'Algernon, take this,—curis are going out!



RABID TRANSIT.

Depth is the faculty of discovering the obvious with an air of restraint.

PUCK



FAIR-WEATHER FRIENDS.



BLINDFOLD JUSTICE.

SUPPOSE a Rake of narrow brain
Shoots down another unaware;—
You may be sure the man's insane—
That is, if he's a Millionaire.

Yet, if he rests a little time,
The Court may hold him free as air,
Quite sound of mind and clean of crime—
Of course, if he's a Millionaire.

Don't wreck a Bank, by any chance,
Unless you have the cash to spare;
A Mitigating Circumstance
It is to be a Millionaire.

No weak excuses will avail
The Paid Chauffeur;—but who will dare
For Speed or Homicide to jail
A bona fide Millionaire?

So take my counsel, —there's no fee,—
Whatever charge is yours to bear,
Just interpose the simple plea:
"Your Honor, I'm a Millionaire!"

Arthur Guiterman.

THOSE EASY-MONEY GIRLS.

WITH ELUCIDATIONS.

YOUNG WOMEN compelled to earn their living might well take a leaf from the experience of a brave and resourceful girl of Fort Wayne who, without previous experience, the very first year made eight hundred dollars from chickens.—*Indianapolis News, etc., etc.*

[Without previous experience, perhaps, but not without inherited aptitude, since the writer of this helpful little item neglects to state that the resourceful girl in question was the daughter and granddaughter of persons named Erastus and Persimmons Johnsing, a proud old Southern family.]

The daughter of a judge of the Supreme Court of one of our States, finding herself suddenly face to face with the necessity of earning a living through the death of her father, purchased a few bricks of mushroom spawn. That winter she made two thousand dollars in the cellar.—*Buffalo Express, etc., etc.*

[And was arrested for counterfeiting, or should have been, though she may have distracted suspicion as to her nefarious work by having a few mushrooms there on the scene of her operations.]

Courage, faint hearts! No one knows what is in them until they try. What one girl can do, others can do. Helena Fitz-Edward had never written a line for publication, and yet with no preparation beyond a three-months' course with a correspondence school of authorship located in Kansas City, her first story won the \$1,000 prize offered by *Blenkinshop's Magazine*.—*Omaha Bee, etc., etc.*

[The editor was her uncle. Moreover, she never read any of the instructions of the Kansas City school of authorship managed and, indeed, I may say, comprised, by a gentleman of the highest artistic taste who had recently successfully retired from running a correspondence school of sign-painting in Indianapolis.]

Wardon Allan Curtis.

THE EASIEST WAY.

MR. GILBERRY was strolling up and down the dusty road in the broiling sun, clad only in a short-kneed bathing suit. The native drew up before him curiously, looking him over carefully.

"Want a lift, mister?"

"No, thank you."

"It's quite a way to the shade, pardner—better jump in!"

"No, thanks."

"This sun'll peel you, stranger, if you don't get out of it!"

"I hope so," crossing his arms complacently over his breast.

The native studied Mr. Gilberry for a moment. "If it ain't pryin' into your affairs too much, I'd like to know what you are paradin' around in this killin' sun dressed like that for?"

"To save time," answered Mr. Gilberry, critically examining a red arm.

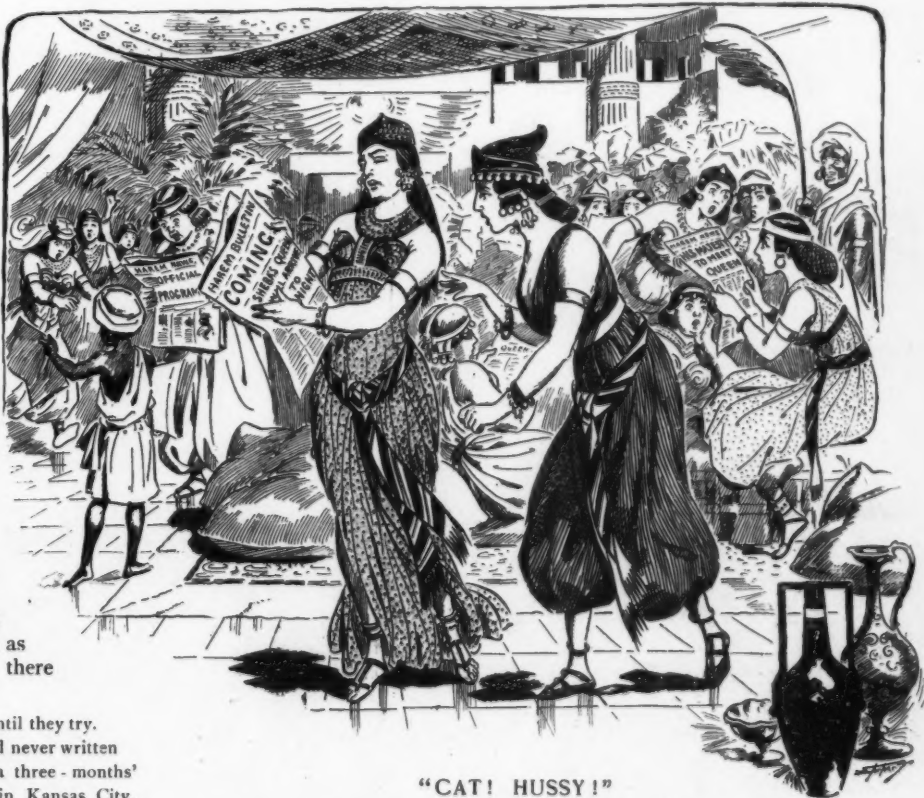
The native regarded Mr. Gilberry profoundly, sadly shook his head, tapped his forehead significantly, and clucked to his horse. The sun had done it, of course.

Which shows that the best of us may be mistaken, and that conclusive evidence is only an empty phrase, for Mr. Gilberry could spare only two days to go to the seashore.

THEIR FINAL DISPOSITION.

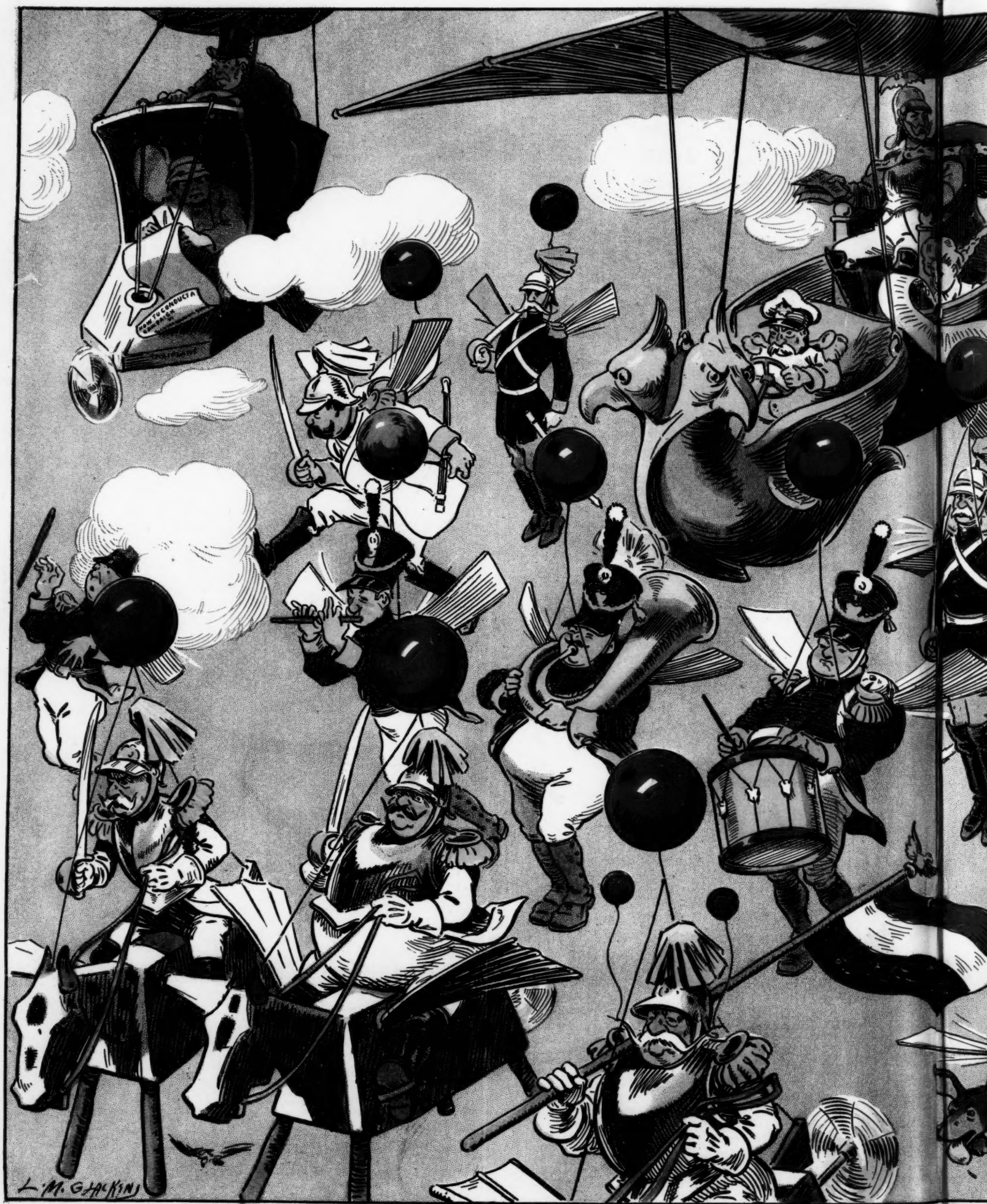
SUBSCRIBER.—Do tell me what you do with all these clever jokes after you've printed them?

MAGAZINE EDITOR.—Madam, we send 'em down to Washington, whence they are issued, slightly revised, as the bright sayings of our Congressmen.



"CAT! HUSSY!"

SCENE IN SOLOMON'S HAREM THE DAY THAT THE QUEEN OF SHEBA CAME DOWN FOR THE WEEK-END.



THE PUCK PRESS

THE INVASION OF
FROM THE SECRET ARCHIVES OF THE



INVASION OF ENGLAND.
 ARCHIVES OF THE GERMAN WAR OFFICE.

PUCK

THE OLD SPORT SPEAKS.

"YES, SIR, gintlemin, I've had my fling along with the rest of 'em," said old Zack Gabble to three or four of his cronies assembled in front of the post-office waiting for Beanboro's daily mail to be distributed. "La, I ain't allus been the proper an' dignified person I am to-day an' that I reckon I ort to be at my time o' life. I guess it's in the blood o' the young to sort o' sow wild oats, as the sayin' is, an', by heck, I've scattered mine around purty free in my young day. Time was when I never thought nothin' of goin' to town of a Sat'day night with a dollar bill an' blowin' in sixty or seventy cents of it fer lem'nade or ginger-pop, an' perceedin' t' stand treat for three or four fellers at a time. Used to smoke my two and even three seegars a day, an' many's the time I've covered another feller's dollar at a hoss race, an' it was all the same to me if I lost my dollar. Never thought nothin' o' payin' two dollars for a stable rig to take a girl to the county fair or out fer a ride. An' many's the time I've dumped a hull pound o' the best mixed candy at thutty cents a pound into a girl's lap, or blowed in fifty or seventy-five cents for some piece of jew'lry or trinket for her, an' if she wanted a dish o' ice-cream all she had to do was to say so, although I never was what you might call wine an' wimmen crazy, for I was allus temp'rance an' allus mean to be. All the same, boys, I've had my little fling an' sowed my wild oats with a purty free hand. I got that scar above my left eye in a fight with a feller that tried to cut me out with a purty-as-a-peach girl I took to singin'-school one night. Oh, I been considable of a sport in my day an', by heck, I ain't got over it so fer but what I can stand treat now an' then. What do you say to all steppin' into the drug-store an' havin' sody or sassy-parilly or ginger-pop while we are waitin' for the mail to open? Come along, the hull kit an' b'ilin' of you, an' I'll foot the bill! Once a feller gits the real sportin' fever in his blood it ain't easy to get it out, by heck!"



EVEN UP.

STYMIE (who has dallied too long at the club house).—Hey, old man! Whatchuh wantin' tee up two balls for?

GREEN ditto.—Tha's all right, old chap. Can't you see I'm driving with two clubs?

above my left eye in a fight with a feller that tried to cut me out with a purty-as-a-peach girl I took to singin'-school one night. Oh, I been considable of a sport in my day an', by heck, I ain't got over it so fer but what I can stand treat now an' then. What do you say to all steppin' into the drug-store an' havin' sody or sassy-parilly or ginger-pop while we are waitin' for the mail to open? Come along, the hull kit an' b'ilin' of you, an' I'll foot the bill! Once a feller gits the real sportin' fever in his blood it ain't easy to get it out, by heck!"

M. W.



FOR THIS RELIEF—

TIRED HORSE.—Thank the Lord that woman bought a watermelon!

HIS OPINION.

LITTLE NEPHEW (who has an inquiring mind).—Uncle Hank, what is the rest of the old saying about man's proposing: "Man proposes and"—what?

BACHELOR UNCLE.—Oh, man proposes when woman so disposes, and a little later the divorce court exposes. And there you are, Rollo!

THE CAPTION CRITICS.

THERE were three critics (as critics go) Who ran reviews of a new-made show.

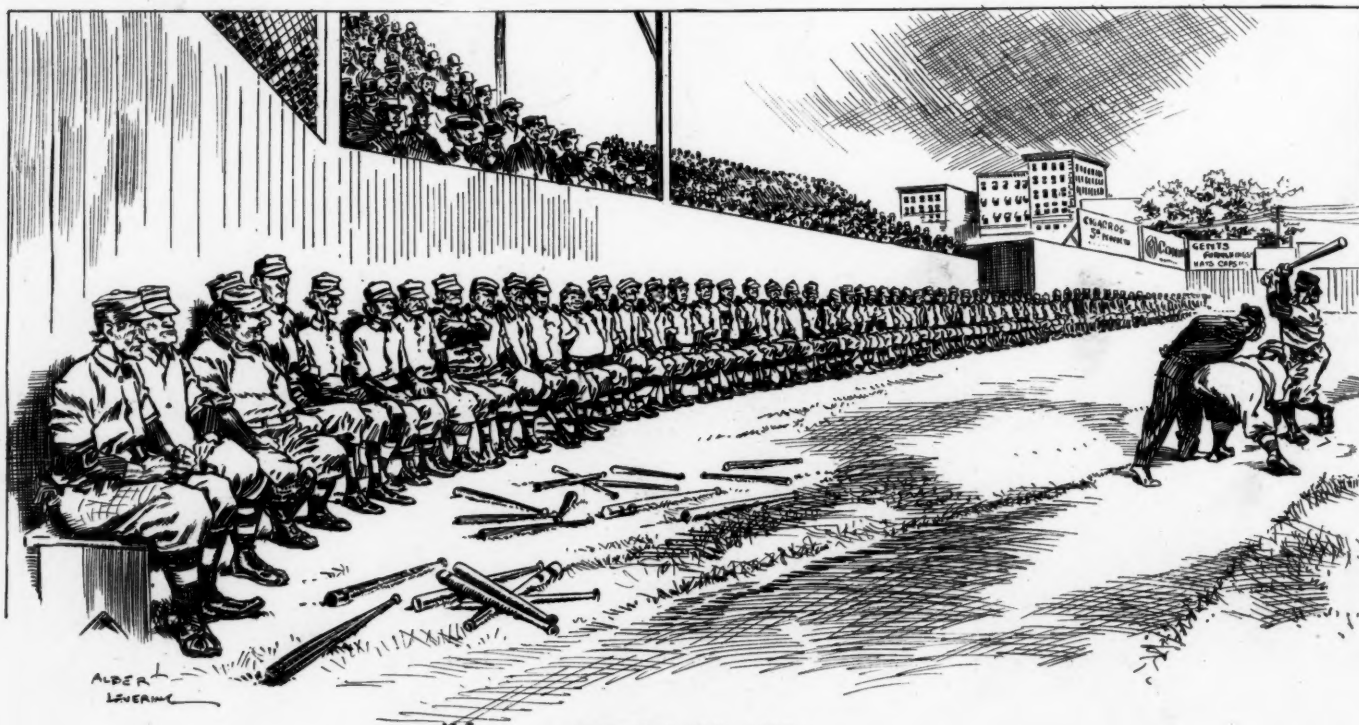
The First had groaned as he watched the mess, But he thought of his job and wrote, "Success!"

The Second remarked, as he choked a sneer, "THE PLAY OF PLAYS OF THE CURRENT YEAR!!"

But the Third One spread on his copy page, "THE FINEST THING ON THE ENGLISH STAGE!!!"

Which proves that Critic the Third, God wot, Was the wisest critic of all the lot.

Horatio Winslow.



THE SALARY LIST.

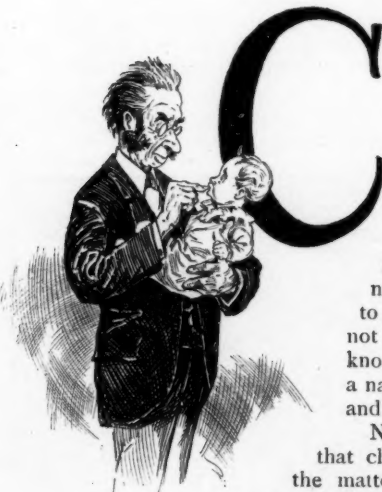
SUBSTITUTES ON THE PLAYERS' BENCH WHEN WE HAVE MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP OF PROFESSIONAL BASEBALL CLUBS.



CHALLENGED.

"Are youse de lady dat has de prize purp?"
 "I am the owner of Pasquita, winner of the Blue Ribbon for three consecutive years, if that 's what you mean."
 "Dat 's it. Well, I lives at de lower end of de avenyer, an' dis 's me purp, Runt, an' de boys have raised a purse of two dollars an' twenty-eight cents dat says he 's de champeen of dis ward. Now, if youse don't let yer purp an' him fight widin two weeks, de title goes to Runt by default."

NAMING THEM.



CHILDREN are usually named before they are old enough to realize the enormity of the offense. This is fortunate, for youth can survive almost any calamity, and "hard names break no bones" if applied to a child while its bony structure is still in the gristle stage. The custom—followed by a few—of designating children by numbers until they are old enough to select names for themselves cannot be commended. How do we know but that the child will choose a name it likes?—one that is sane and sensible?

No, it will never do. To admit that children have any rights in the matter of their own names would be absurd. It is the proud privilege of parents to inflict on their helpless offspring the most humiliating appellation they can think of, for it should be borne in mind that the prime object in choosing a name is to select one that will bring to the child's cheek the blush of shame. Then, when your little one needs to be taken down a peg, it can be successfully accomplished by addressing it by its full title, thus: "Solomon-Cæsar-Josephus-Herschel-Podhammer-Smith, get out of that mud!" or, "Hannah-Mehitable-Geraldine-Claudia-Smith, come down here to me!" If proper attention is given to inflection and accent, this method of taking the starch out of a young one is very effective.

The first boy should, of course, be named after his father. This will insure the fond parent an opportunity of reading his son's mail, and as the young man grows up he will appreciate more and more the precious privilege of writing "Jr." after his cognomen. The name of an uncle can be tacked on also, if circumstances permit, for at least one boy must be blessed with the Christian name of any male relative possessed of lucre. It will please the relative, and the boy cannot help himself. The more homely and disagreeable this kinsman, the greater will be the pleasure of the namesake who, on the death of his rich relative, will inherit numerous heirlooms worth as much as eighty-seven cents—the money of the deceased going to a home for friendless millionaires.

It is best to name the first girl after an older cousin or an aunt, in order that she may be called "Little Mary" in contradistinction to

"Big Mary." However, if she is very dark complexioned, the parents will see to it that she is named Lillie or Goldie. Should she be fearless and forward, call her Violet.

Indian names are very picturesque, and therefore suitable for females. If the parents are wealthy, Silver Heels would be appropriate and descriptive, and a girl given to the giggles could be called Minnehaha.

Pleasing effects can also be obtained by selecting a prænomen that will combine happily with the surname.

Thus, if your family name is Flower, you might christen your daughter Wild. It would be very romantic. If she should happen to marry a man named Colt, it would be more so.

This method can also be applied to boys' names, as a certain Mr. Green discovered when he considerably called his boy Wright; but probably the most remarkable instance of this kind was when old man Catt decided to name his son Tom. He must have had a mean disposition.

It is a good idea to name at least one boy after some great man. It will not insure his escaping the penitentiary, but it will provoke satirical comparisons should he happen to wind up there. Another sensible custom is that of naming children after popular heroes. The fact that everything from towns to teaspoons will be likewise named only adds to its interest. When you go to the door and call your little boy Dewey or Teddy it is a delightful sensation to have the summons answered by seven dogs, two pigs, three cats, and a goat.

But whatever you do never let your child suffer for lack of names. Tack on enough titles to stall a big mogul, and the more hideous and unpronounceable the better. He will then be prepared for any contingency and can begin the battle of life with a stout heart. Early in his career it will be advisable for him to conceal his numerous nomenclatures and struggle along under some nickname like "Sappy" or "Cipher," but when he is sentenced to the Senate, and dawns on the horizon of fame like a new comet, he can unfurl his titular tail to its full length and give the wondering world a real treat.

W. B. Kerr.



RETURN OF THE PLANET STORMERS.

"Success! Why, old chap, we stood 'em up for four months in Mars; and Venus! Say, that Venus bunch was so blamed enthusiastic they'd hardly let us get away; and Jupiter!—honest, old chap, I wish you'd seen us in Jupiter. Why, every time we showed it was a regular riot."

A man does not realize that he has been disappointed in love until he is unable to obtain a divorce.

LIKE A CIGAR.

"A play," remarked the theatrical manager, "is like a cigar."
 "What's the answer?" inquired the innocent reporter.
 "If it's good," explained the manager, "everyone wants a box; and if it's bad, no amount of puffing will make it draw."—*Bystander*.

A CRYING NEED.

"What do you consider the most crying need of the age?"
 "I don't know; but if you had said the most crying need of the night I should have said sterilized milk."—*Houston Post*.

"HEAR about Percy? Just undergone a serious operation, don't cher know?"
 "My word, old chap! Appendicitis?"
 "Worse than that, dear boy. He had his allowance cut off!"—*Evening World*.

First aid to the host.
 Fine at meal time
 —all times.

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 Bottle a
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 The veritable fulfillment of
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VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Write the VAL. BLATZ BREWING Co., mentioning this paper, for their interesting booklet entitled: "A Genial Philosopher."

WELL SUPPLIED.

"I find it hard to kill time," declared the pampered pet. "I only have my music, you know. How do you manage?"

"Oh, I do very well," answered the other girl. "In addition to my music, I have my sweeping, my dusting, my sewing, and my dishwashing."—*Courier-Journal*.

TRICKS IN ALL TRADES.

STRANGER. — Zum Donnerwetter, now you have cut my chin a second time! If you can't shave better than that you will lose all your customers pretty quick.

BARBER'S APPRENTICE. — Not at all! I am not allowed to shave the regular customers yet. I only shave strangers! — *Tit-Bits*.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

HOSTESS (to visitor). — Do try this chair. It's really quite comfortable for — er — an antique. — *The Bystander*.

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HEADACHES

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OUT OF THE QUESTION.

"Here is something very elegant," says the salesman, piloting the lady through the display of beds. "This is our latest design in twin beds, and is one of the most popular things we sell. I would suggest that you cannot do better than to buy them."

"Twin beds?" replied the lady. "They are pretty, but—we haven't twins!"—*Chicago Evening Post*.

"WHY," she asked, "are you opposed to the extension of the franchise to women? Don't you think women are as capable as men are of voting intelligently?"

"Oh, it is immaterial to me whether they are capable of voting intelligently or not. I merely don't believe in this suffrage business."

"But why don't you believe in it?"

"Well, I don't believe in it because I don't think women ought to vote."

"You must have some other reason for wishing to keep women from voting. What is it?"

"If you must know, I've been married three times, and the mothers of my wives are all living. What show would I have to get their votes if I should run for office after this suffrage proposition had gone through?"—*Chicago Record-Herald*.



MORE OF THEM.

KITTY. — Oh, Ma, I wish I had the wings of a bird!

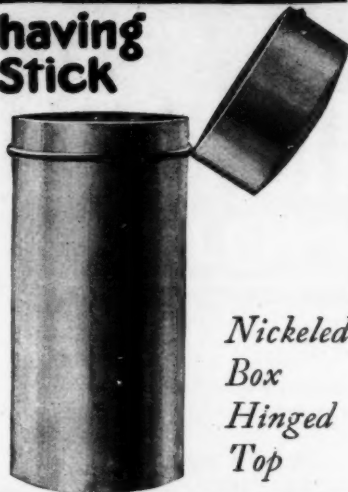
MRS. CAT. — Why, you foolish kitten, the legs or the breast are far more satisfying!

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; it insures your getting the very best.

Williams' Shaving Stick

"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face."

The railroad man knows the value of Williams' Shaving Stick. It soothes his skin, burned and irritated by cinders and smoke.



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THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

GIVING HER AWAY.

"Who gave the bride away?"

"Her little brother. He stood up right in the middle of the ceremony and yelled: 'Hurrah, Fanny, you've got him at last!'"—*Christian Advocate*.

THE Merchant Prince had sent for the Faithful Clerk, who confronted his master tremblingly.

"Jenkins," said the Merchant Prince, "you have been in my employ for twenty-five years."

"Yes, sir," faltered the Faithful Clerk.

"Twenty-five years to-day, is it not?"

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir, for remembering it."

"Tut! Tut! You have been an honor to the house."

"Thank you again, sir!"

"You have proved yourself worthy of my confidence."

"Oh, sir!"

"You have grown gray in my service."

"Yes, sir."

"Jenkins, as a slight token of my recognition of this fact I have a present for you. Pray accept this bottle of hair-dye!"—*Woman's Home Companion*.



VERY DIFFERENT.

"What! engaged to be married!"

"Oh no, uncle, just engaged to be engaged."

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

SENATOR ALDRICH favors putting the Ultimate Consumer's hide on the free list.—*Chicago Evening Post*.

HOTEL-KEEPER.—Has the American gentleman made any remarks about his bill yet?

WAITER.—Not yet. He is looking for some in his dictionary.—*Père Mêle*.

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

When the United States fleet entered Asiatic waters during the famous round-the-world voyage, a cruiser was sent ahead to a Chinese port upon official business connected with the cruise. Upon arrival the ship's officers were invited to dine by a Chinese mandarin, and during the meal one of the officers wished a second helping of a certain savory dish which he supposed was duck. Not knowing a word of Chinese, he therefore extended his empty plate, remarking with smiling approval:

"Quack! quack! quack!"

But the officer's appetite failed him suddenly, as his host, with a twinkle of slant Celestial eyes, shook his head with the simple but horrifying response:

"Bow! wow! wow!"—*Harper's*.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S FAITH.

A little six-year old whose parents were of the Calvinistic faith was very much surprised on hearing that Jesus was a Jew. "I don't see how that could be," she retorted, "when God, His Father, was a Presbyterian."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

"Is HE a good artist?"

She glanced at him with petulant disdain. "He is a clever artist," she answered pityingly; "no artists are good."—*Life*.

HOT DAYS HOT NIGHTS

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High Ball made of

HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

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The "Pennsylvania Special," the pioneer 18-hour train between New York and Chicago, leaves New York every day at 3.55 P.M. and arrives in Chicago 8.55 A.M. Returning it leaves Chicago 2.45 P.M. and arrives in New York at 9.45 A.M.



ON THE MAINE COAST.

"But, Grandpa, if a life-saving station is much bigger than Mr. Smith's sailboat—"
"Yes, James?" "Then why did Mr. Smith say last night that he had a life-saving station in the cabin of his sailboat?"

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
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London, England.

MUTUAL IGNORANCE.

"Have you ever saw this man before?"
"Yes."
"Had he come before you had went?"
"No."
"Is them your chickens what you say was stole?"
"Yes."
"Would you have recognuz them if you had saw them before they was brung here?"
"Yes, Judge; I would have knowed them."
"Tut, tut, young man; speak gram-matic. It ain't proper to say 'have knowed.' You should ought to say, 'have knew'."—*Phila. Bulletin.*

THE LADY.—Well, I'll give you tuppence; not because you deserve it, mind, but because it pleases me.

THE TRAMP.—Thank you, mum. Could n't you make it a tanner an' thoroughly enjoy yourself? — *The Housekeeper.*

"OWD GEORGE'S wooden leg's been giving him pain lately."

"Don't you be talkin' so foolish, Willum."

"It's sure enough. 'Is owd woman been a-whoppin' 'im wi' it." — *London Opinion.*

PHILIP MORRIS ORIGINAL LONDON CIGARETTES

A Philip Morris
Smoker
is a
Philip Morris
rooter,
now and always

CAMBRIDGE 25c.
regular size

AMBASSADOR 35c.
after-dinner size

"The Little Brown Box."

WONDERS NEVER CEASE.

"And to think, to think," quoth she, "that such heavenly bliss that fell to my lot might have escaped me forever! Dear Bob! Did I ever tell you he had proposed to me twice?"

Then the unsympathetic auditor assumed an air of innocence.

"Did n't you hear him the first time?" she inquired with raised eyebrows. — *Town Topics.*

BREAKFAST À LA MODE.

"John, I believe the new girl has stolen the whisk-broom; I left it on the dining-room table last night."

"I guess the joke's on me, Mary. It was not quite light when I got up this morning, and I thought you had left a Fletcher-wheat biscuit out for my breakfast." — *Houston Post.*



JOHN JAMESON

WHISKEY

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CAUGHT WITH THE GOODS.

She smuggled in a set of furs,
She smuggled in a gown;
And oh, what righteous wrath was hers
The day they called her down!
— *Public Ledger.*

ONE MAN'S WISDOM.

MRS. NAGGS.—John, have you read this magazine article entitled "How to Be Happy Though Married?"

NAGGS.—Of course not. I know how without reading it.

MRS. NAGGS.—Well, how?

NAGGS.—Get a divorce. — *Chicago Daily News.*

A MEAN MAN.

"Her husband is a brute."

"As to how?"

"Got her to help save up for an automobile, and then put the money into a house." — *Kansas City Journal.*

BUNNER'S SHORT STORIES

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AN officer on board of one of H.M. ships was about to reward an Irish sailor for some act of great bravery.

"Now, my lads," said he, "I am very proud to pin this medal on the breast of Patrick Flynn, and lodge £5 to his credit in the bank as a reward for his great pluck."

Pat blushed, looked at his superior officer, and said: "If it's all the same to you, sir, I'd rather you'd pin the £5 note on me chest and lodge the medal in the bank."—*Tit-Bits.*



SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

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If you smoke five pipes a day it's less than four cents—five hours of pleasure for four cents—certainly ARCADIA is cheap enough for you to smoke.

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Bar Keeper's Friend

A DELIGHTFUL BEVERAGE HIGH LIFE BEER MILLER-MILWAUKEE

MORE THAN FIVE FEET.

A certain newly-rich man had built himself a fine house. He thought it well to have a library, and went down to a book-store, where he ordered some books.

"What kind of books?" asked the clerk.

"Why, books," replied the man. "Books, you know; reading-books."

The books came and were installed in the library. Soon after a friend came up to look over the place.

"Here," said the man, "is my library. Here is where I love to get with a book and a pipe, and forget the outside world."

The friend was somewhat of a book-sharp. He took down a book, looked at it, and put it back; took down another, looked at that, and put it back, and repeated the process several times.

Then he asked: "John, where did you get these books?"

"Oh," replied John, "I picked them up here and there. Whenever I found one I liked I bought it. It has been the work of many years."

"But isn't it strange that you should have bought six hundred copies of McGuffey's Fifth Reader?"—*Washington Star.*

HER PROPER PLACE.

FATHER-IN-LAW.—Where's your wife?

YOUNG HUSBAND.—At the Suffragette meeting, I guess.

FATHER-IN-LAW.—Disgraceful! Disgraceful, I say! She ought to be here looking after her duties. Suffragette meeting, indeed! She should be in her own home, darning stockings, making puddings—

YOUNG HUSBAND.—Oh, don't say that, father, I—

FATHER-IN-LAW.—But I will, sir. She ought—

YOUNG HUSBAND.—But you would n't if you only knew how she—

FATHER-IN-LAW.—Yes, I would. There's no excuse—none whatever.

YOUNG HUSBAND.—I was going to say that you would n't say so—

FATHER-IN-LAW.—I—I—I—

YOUNG HUSBAND.—If you knew what sort of puddings she makes.—*Tit-Bits.*

Club Cocktails

A Bottled Delight

When you mix a cocktail, you take chances. When you use CLUB COCKTAILS you don't even have to mix. Just pour over cracked ice and you'll have the most delicious and satisfying drink you ever tasted.

They can't help being better than the mixed at random kind.

Martini (gin base) Manhattan (whiskey base) are always popular.

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Hartford
New York
London



PRETTY GIRL.—And you really consider it bad luck to go under a ladder?

HORRID BACHELOR.—Sure. I knew a fellow who kissed a girl under a ladder last summer.

PRETTY GIRL.—And did he have bad luck?

HORRID BACHELOR.—I should say so. They are married now.—*Chicago News.*

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